

~~At 65, What?~~At 66, What?

In this vale of tears all is relative and what lies before one at ~~my age~~⁶⁶ depends partly upon his past environment and experience, upon his present situation, and upon his share of the unforeseeable future. I am now 66, poor in this world's goods but rich in present satisfactions and memories.

Am I old, or still young? Can I reasonably look forward to advanced age? It is well ~~to~~ from time to time to take stock of one's self and one's situation and to count one's blessings.

I awoke to consciousness early, certainly before my third year, but was not interested in birthdays until about my sixth year. From that time on for several years I was proud of my advancing age and looked upon all grownup persons as old. At the age of twelve I felt quite mature, fully able to look out for myself, make my own living, and ready for heroic adventure. This was partly because I was then living on a small farm in Texas and was quite as efficient in doing all kinds of farm work that did not require great strength as most grown persons, my parents included. I was even more efficient in hoeing and picking cotton, which required practice and dexterity more than strength, than most grown persons.

With this feeling of maturity and competency and an intense desire to explore the great world beyond the prairie horizon I counted with growing impatience the slow passage of months and years until I should be 21 and free; for in those remote times boys belonged to their parents until they were 21. I sometimes wondered if I should live to attain that advanced age, and sometimes I felt so hampered and shut in by home life that I debated with myself whether

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I should run away or commit suicide, but interest in life and loyalty to parents prevented. It was a period of dreams of what I would do when I should be free and no longer bound to my parents. Mainly I was to see the great world, I was to work and save enough so that the income would free me from the necessity of working for money, and for this purpose I mapped out dozens of careers in which I would excel, meet with success, acquire honor and wealth, and buy and read all the best books that had ever been written. That was a period of hard farm work, no wages, little or no schooling, and an overwhelming desire for books.

Twenty-one and free at last, I suddenly ^{realized} discovered that the main business in life was to earn a living. I was successively school teacher, student and teacher in a business college, clerk and stenographer in a real estate and loan office, court reporter, and government clerk and stenographer at Washington at the age of twenty-four, and still felt very young, younger than I did when I was fourteen, because I was in competition with older men, better educated men, abler men, men who knew more than I, who could do more than I, and who were earning larger salaries than I could.

For ten years in Washington, besides attending strictly to business and advancing as a clerk in my ~~day~~ daily work, I gorged myself with night school studies and reading, a daily grind of about fourteen hours. Happy days they were and time fled. I had married and was paying for a home and began to feel that I was a citizen of substance. Up to this time my official work had been purely routine and I expected it to continue until X old age should lay me on the shelf.

At 35 I was transferred to another department of the government more in accordance with my tastes. I was still a hog for work

and dug into the new position with all the energy of intense curiosity and interest in a new life, new friends, and new surroundings. It happened to be a period of change, rapid development, and reorganization in the bureau and the department and I took part in it. New assignments and promotions came rapidly. At the age of 44 I was head of an important bureau the work of which was extremely interesting and took me to all parts of the United States. I still felt that I was a young man, but approaching middle life if I had not already reached it. I was still tireless mentally and physically and keenly alert. I noted that fellow employees of my age were beginning to slow down and take things easier, and if they occupied the higher positions they retained them mainly because of habit and experience rather than what they actually did. The best work in quality and quantity was done by the younger employees. But somehow I felt that I belonged to the younger generation and that I could do as much work as and better ~~work~~ than any one else. Perhaps this was because I was so much interested in what had to be done. But occasionally I took note of my increasing years and was dimly conscious that some time in the future I too would really become old, slow up, and have to retire from active service. In preparation for that inevitable contingency I bought a mountain & farm in Frederick County, Maryland, which I began to improve and to which I took my family for week ends & and vacations.

The ten years I remained at the head of the bureau, constantly endeavoring to improve its service, were busy and happy ones, planning for improvement and expansion, appearing before Congressional committees to fight for increased appropriations, winning the friendship and loyalty of the employees of the bureau and of the department, mixed with periodical travel and observation throughout the United States. This period of devoted service brought recognition of

various kinds.

At the end of this period I was 53 years old and "going on to" 54. Surely this was middle age; or may be it was the beginning of old age. I was settled, contented with a rather pleasant daily life and a comfortable salary, a record to be proud of and public recognition, and I could look forward to a continuance of these satisfactory conditions until the age of official retirement at 70.

Then out of a clear sky came a sudden change and a new life. It came as a call to take charge of the reorganization of a bureau of a foreign government in a foreign land at a princely salary, three times the salary of a bureau chief in Washington. It was not the salary that induced me to accept the call so much as the adventure, the opportunity to study a foreign country and people and to demonstrate to my own satisfaction whether or not it was possible to develop in that country a service comparable to the one I had developed in my own country. It meant learning a foreign language, to understand it when I heard it spoken, to think in it, to speak it, read it, and write it, and it also meant the study of the people and their economic life, their history, their literature, and their psychology. I took my family with me and we lived in that foreign land nearly two years. My official work was more successfully than I or anyone could foresee and our family life was very happy.

When at the end of two years I returned to my department in Washington I found that I had been assigned to an international organization with headquarters in Rome, Italy, for a period of five years, to organize an international project that would take me to the capitals of all countries. Much as I would have liked to resign and retire to my mountain retreat I could not because I was not of retirement age and had no income other than my salary.

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Again it was the thought of rounding out my career by conspicuous public service that really decided me to accept the assignment, although contributory considerations were the adventure, world wide travel, and opportunities to study languages, countries, peoples, botanical gardens, experiment stations, contacts with government officials and specialists in scientific research, inspect art galleries, museums, public monuments, and realize my farm boyhood dream of seeing the great world beyond the prairie horizon. Five interesting years were spent in this work, and it was more successful~~X~~ than had been thought possible at the beginning.

During this period I began to think of myself distinctly as a man of middle age, although I felt as young as at any time in the previous twenty or thirty years. I was 32 61 when I returned to Washington, tired of continuous travel but full of vim and energy and ready for a new assignment. Somehow my old bureau and department seemed very slow and sleepy and to have retrograded, and my former colleagues and associates in the department seemed much older, ~~and~~ slower physically and mentally, and very narrow in their outlook and views. I wondered if I looked the same to them. The offices were full of new faces, young people, mere boys and girls I thought them, capable of doing mere routine clerical work, but so immature, so lacking in practical and administrative experience, so ignorant of the subject matter of their branch of the service, so lacking in constructive imagination, ambition, initiative, and demonstrated ability, that I wondered what would become of the service when the older men began to drop out from death, disability, or retirement. I wondered if I looked like my elderly desiccated friends. I was not conscious of it, nor could I see it in the mirror.

P Evidently I was mistaken. I had been honored by the officials of many governments, but on returning to my old department I was remembered

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only by the older officials. I was as completely forgotten after an absence of seven years as any distinguished member of a President's cabinet. All the higher places in the department were filled and there was no place for me. This was a disappointment because I had expected to be taken into the organization again in the service I had never really left and that my exceptional experience and world wide knowledge would be of value. Also it hurt my pride to think that it was assumed that I was already on the shelf.

However, the end did not come until a year later. An international conference was scheduled in which three departments of our government were concerned and the Director of Scientific Work in my department had been designated to look after the organization of this conference. He had other things to do and I was employed as his assistant to relieve him of this special work, which was important but temporary. For some months I was an extremely busy man. The conference was a success and I was duly commended. When the work of winding up the affairs of this conference ended my public service ended. At 62 I had probably begun to look old to others, but not to myself; I was without employment or salary or income and well into the great business depression that made private employment in a university or with a private firm out of the question. Nothing to do but retire to my mountain farm.

I moved to the farm early in 1931, which meant a complete change of life. Then followed a period of disillusionment and readjustment. I had a farm, two farms in fact, and knew all about farming because of early experience. My hands itched to wield an ax or a hoe, to drive a team or follow a plow, to plant and cultivate, to set out fruit trees and shrubs, to prune and to spray, to enjoy the physical exercise in the open air under the blue sky, to see things grow and prosper, to get physically tired and to sleep

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and eat as I remembered to have slept and ate as a farm boy. The farms were beautifully situated and I looked forward to the new life amid such surroundings with zest and expectation. I felt as young as at any time since boyhood. I would show people what I could do. But, alas! when I picked up tools or attempted to use farm implements I found that while some of the old knack, skill, and familiarity remained in my mind they had departed from my hands, and that in a short time, usually less than half an hour, I became desperately tired, tired not only then but for the rest of the day, and I would awake the next morning with aches and pains as a hangover. At first I explained this to myself on the ground that I had been engaged in sedentary employments for more than forty years, that I was out of practice, and my muscles were soft and flabby. Then I reasoned that if I took things moderately and did only a little manual labor each day my muscles would harden and I would gradually recover physical strength and endurance. But it was not so. At last I had to confess to myself, and very reluctantly and grievously, that a man in his 60's is not the man he was in his 20's. It was the hardest lesson I ever had to learn and the most humiliating. I persisted in my attempts for two years. I could stand before an audience and deliver an acceptable address or sit at a desk, read, study, or write, for hours without much fatigue; but fifteen or twenty minutes of manual labor would exhaust my store of strength for the rest of the day. In time I came to the conclusion that each day I generated a rather definite ^{and limited} amount of energy that was barely sufficient for half an hour's manual labor but was sufficient for ten to twenty-four hours of ordinary activities or so-called mental labor. It became clear to me that to expend this limited energy on manual labor was worse than useless because the results were negligible and I was then unfitted for anything else. So I gave up the struggle even though it involved

the admission to myself that I was getting old. It was time, I thought, when a friend said he had inquired of a young man in the village below for directions how to reach me and he replied, "Oh, he's the old man that lives at Sunny Hill Farm." Yes, that was me. Manual labor exhausted me, made me unhappy, and brought no returns. Time to quit. That much is in the past.

Giving up all thought of manual labor and being independent on the farm, I turned my attention to other things. I responded to numerous invitations to give travel talks. I addressed more different civic clubs and organizations than I had known were in existence. The talks were appreciated and I made friends, but not one of them offered to pay me anything for my time and trouble. The proprietor of a magazine with a circulation in two continents asked me to accept an associate editorship, prepare at least one article a month reviewing and analyzing the economic situation of the two continents, and visit headquarters once a month or on special call for conference, and all this would have been quite within my experience and abilities and very agreeable, but when I stipulated a salary agreement he shied off, saying that because of the wholesale cancellation of advertising contracts the firm could not obligate itself to pay anything. I wrote the president of a State college proffering my services and suggesting several courses in which I might shine as a professor and the reply was that the college faculty was already swollen beyond its means. Then I wrote several articles on questions of current interest and sent them to publications I thought might be interested. They were promptly returned with regrets. I wrote letters to the editor of the local paper about matters of local interest and these were promptly published; also some fairy stories that I wrote as relaxation. These made friends but brought no revenue.

"To Gehenna with the farm, it's manual labor and expense. Cut out the expense and let the weeds, diseases and insect pests do their worst. Put the place in grass and let nature do the rest. I'm going to amuse myself." I knew this would be hard because of my deepseated love of order, neatness, clean cultivation; but I could not do the manual labor, nor was my income sufficient to hire it done. For amusement I would write an autobiography, try to recall as much as I could of a long and varied and interesting life. To me it was very interesting, absorbing in fact, because in the process I was living that life over again. In this pursuit I was quite as industrious as was my lifelong habit, long, unremitting hours of steady application. The manuscript was habitually written in shorthand, which was trying on the eyes. The eyes began to fail me about a year ago. Within three months thereafter I was nearly blind and could no longer distinguish colors or see to read. I consulted specialists who diagnosed my trouble as neuritis affecting the optic nerve. As my eyes began to improve the neuritic pains spread to other parts of the body and caused great pain and distress. For nearly a year I could scarcely see to read or write.

As I was coming out of this slough of despond I was called back into service for a temporary period that took me to a foreign country. This helped me financially and as a salve to my wounded pride. Also when it was over my retirement annuity was increased. So at 66 I have reached the blessed ~~stage~~ state of a spinster who has ceased to struggle. I am old, no question about it.

What is my present situation, and what of the future?

Income: Other things are more important than income in early life, but not after one is 66 and is laid on the shelf. I have my government annuity of nearly \$100 a month that is about as sure as anything in life. No use thinking that in almost any other

country in the world that annuity would be several times as much. Then there is a small additional income from the rental of the town house in Washington, after taxes, insurance, and upkeep are paid. These expenses eat up one-third of the rental. From two farms I count on getting nothing in the way of cash income and count myself fortunate if they simply pay their own taxes and insurance and provide a place for me to live rent free. Financially they have been liabilities for many years and I would have been much better off without them.

Health: After the painful and distressing experience with neuritis I have apparently recovered normal health, appetite, and eyesight. Sight has meant more to me than words can express. At birth the good fairies endowed me with my most precious gift, a love of beauty in all its forms and manifestations and an unquenchable curiosity. Except for music my perception of beauty and the satisfaction of my curiosity came through my eyes. That made my temporary blindness of a year ago a major calamity. Not for the wealth of Midas or of Croesus would I exchange the sight of my eyes, the privilege of seeing the dawn flush the morning sky over the hills of ^aMaryland, moonlight on sea and land, sunlight flashing in dewdrops or shimmering on the rippling surface of sea or river, or the form and color of bud and blossom, or access to the art, the literature, and the science of all time that is mine in books. All my life I have been a worshipper of the sun and the light and all that is made visible by light. A year of semiblindness, inability to distinguish colors or read print, a year of semidarkness, was for me the end of all things when I felt that I just as well be dead and done with it. Now I have ~~the~~ that most priceless of all blessings, sight, a window open to the universe^s.

Another health blessing is freedom from neuritic pains and

ability to move about freely. For some months last year I not only suffered from toothache in all my limbs but I could scarcely walk or go up and down stairs, even with canes and then only with great pain. That condition has passed and now I can walk about normally. Along with the ability to use my hands and limbs and to see has come the ability to drive a car.

Food: With the recovery that followed neuritis troubles my appetite has returned and foods taste good again. I have always been a light eater and finicky about food because of strong aversion to some kinds, especially oils, fats, uncooked and messy things. Trials and tribulations were great while traveling in foreign countries. I never became reconciled to the European breakfast of a castiron roll, a half-raw egg, and a cup of densely black mixture of coffee and chickory. Nor could I stomach the food of Italy and other Mediterranean and Latin countries where most things are drenched in olive oil, which to me is quite as repulsive and has the same effect as so much castor oil, or the infinite variety of *pasti* "pasti," such as macaroni, vermicelli, and the like; or fish soup, boiled fish, and similar dishes of Germany; or the raw fish balls, rice, and other atrocities served in Japan and other oriental countries; or the insipid and unsatisfactory fruits of tropical countries, except citrus fruits, pineapples, and bananas; nor could I ever become reconciled to the inexcusable lack of vegetables and ripe fruits of good quality in European countries, or the absence of so many delicious foods that are a part of the daily fare of Americans. I shall never forget the unholy glee with which I pounced upon a British gentleman who made the mistake of saying in my presence that the people of the United States did not have the same variety of fruits and vegetables as those of Europe. With ample support of statistics I assured him that

I could personally testify to the fact that all Europe was still in the situation the United States was half a century ago when locally grown fruits and vegetables were available only during a short season of a few days or weeks and the rest of the year they went without, and that even their metropolitan cities such as London, Paris, Berlin, and Rome were not as well supplied with such a variety of fresh fruits and vegetables of a quality never seen in Europe as every town and village in the United States, no matter how remote, is supplied with 365 days in the year; and that we had many varieties of fruits and vegetables almost unknown to the people of Europe, such as sugar corn, sweet potatoes, cranberries, huckleberries, persimmons, certain forms of table grapes, or cantaloupes and watermelons like ours; that nothing in Europe could compare with our graded peaches, apples, watermelons, and a host of other things; that unquestionably the average family in the United States ate and enjoyed more fresh fruits and vegetables of prime quality than ~~the~~ did the families of the nobility resident in Europe. I challenged him to cite any railway system in Europe with refrigeration or to show that all the railways of Europe handled as much fruits and vegetables as were shipped out of the single State of California, or apples from our Northwest, or from the trucking areas of our Gulf Coast States. All this was strictly true. No country in the world or in all history other than the United States has such a magnificent system of refrigeration, transportation, and distribution of fresh fruits, vegetables, and meats and dairy products. It is because of my travel experiences in other countries that I so greatly appreciate the abundance, variety, and high quality of the foods available in the United States. All these are available to me and my family at the farm or in the nearby town.

Light eater as I am this food question looms up large because

of the things I had to go without when traveling in foreign countries, readily or could not obtain at all things that I liked but could not/obtain/for love or money. What were they? In many if not most hotels good pure water is rarely served with meals. One must ask for it and pay more for it than for wine. The same is true of milk, cream, and butter. They are to be had usually but only upon special request, often repeated, and then of poor quality. The people in most of the dairy countries, such as Switzerland, Holland, and ~~By~~ Denmark, ship their butter ~~and~~ and in lieu thereof serve and eat oleomargarine. Many other countries don't even have oleomargarine. All the Mediterranean countries prefer olive oil, do their cooking with it, and serve salads drenched with it. Here we have milk, cream, butter, and cheese, served to us as a matter of course. Outside of the United States and the countries of northwestern Europe good bread is hard to obtain. Usually in other countries it is in the form of a roll, hollow inside, and with a crust half an inch thick that requires great strength to break. That is why I call them "castiron rolls." They are utterly ~~impossible~~ impossible for people with artificial teeth. At home we can either have one of more than a dozen kinds of bread or rolls or ~~my~~ ^{the} wife can bake her own white bread, rolls, hot biscuits, corn bread, pies, cakes, cookies, doughnuts, and other forms of pastry, and all edible and appetizing. Not in any country outside of the United States did I ever see such a thing as a hot biscuit, ^{a muffin,} a piece of corn bread, an apple pie, a cherry pie, a blackberry pie, or any other of the many kinds of delectable pies of this country. A whole story could be written about pancakes and flapjacks, waffles, and fritters. Our honey is as good ~~or~~ as any in the world; and in addition we have cane syrup, sorghum, and maple syrup, to go with pancakes. The rest of the world does not know what buckwheat pancakes, country sausage, and maple syrup are, ~~or~~ ^{or} what a combination roast spareribs

and baked sweet potatoes is. Nor do the people of other countries know what white mealy potatoes are when baked. These other countries have meats and fish, of course, but many of their dishes are not appetizing. Turkey and chicken are served and look like cadavers in other countries, instead of being browned nicely and served with dressing and gravy. They do not know how to cook bacon, sliced thick and cook^{ed} a golden crisp brown. Cranberry sauce is unknown outside the United States, as are fresh crisp crackers. Oysters such as come from Chesapeake Bay are unknown, and dozens of other things. Strawberry shortcake, for instance, cherry roll, apple dumplings, and the like. What European ever tasted a pecan or a hickory nut? On the other hand, what fruit, vegetable, meat, or delicacy produced anywhere in the world that cannot be obtained in our everyday markets? None that I know of. So that within the limits of my slender purse I can have at any time what I want to eat and cooked to suit my taste.

In only one respect have certain countries an advantage over the United States and that is in their abundant supply of excellent wines at low or moderate prices. That, of course, is our own fault for listening to our misguided antialcoholic fanatics. As for myself, the farm produces cherries, berries, apples, and grapes in abundance, and I can make my own wine and cider. This I have done. I have the simple equipment and all it costs is the labor of picking the fruit and the sugar that goes with it.

Residential blessings: For me these are of three kinds, houses, gardens, and views. And there are three houses. One, Sunny Hill House, is a frame bungalow with broad veranda on three sides, and fitted up with every modern convenience, such as steam heat, water system, bath room, electric lights, electric range, frigidair, and the like, so that we have every comfort afforded by a modern

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hotel except service which we have to provide ourselves. The second is a large stone cabin about a hundred yards from the dwelling, which we call the Whippoorwill, because during the summer months the whippoorwills gather about it in the evenings. This I have fitted up as a library and study and in it I have my office equipment, my books, and my souvenirs and records. The third is a smaller stone cabin about a hundred yards from the other two houses. This we call the Cricket House because there have always been crickets in it. It is fitted up and used as a guest house. There are, of course, a barn, a garage, and sheds for various purposes. About the houses are lawns, shrubbery, trees, and flower gardens, and from them lead drives and walks in various directions. Back of the buildings, serving both as a background and shelter, is a slope to the top of this knob of Catoctin Mountain, about two hundred yards from the buildings. The buildings are at an elevation of about eleven hundred feet. From certain points of vantage one can see from Virginia ^{on the other side of} ~~across~~ the Potomac ~~to the south~~ across the State of Maryland to the hills about Gettysburg in Pennsylvania. Below is Frederick, the valley of the Monocacy, and to the southeast is Sugar Loaf Mountain. It's a rare view ^{not} ~~equalled~~ or surpassed anywhere else in the world for quiet sustained beauty throughout the year--a million dollars worth of scenery--and it's all mine for mere looking.

Then there are the gardens; a field of narcissi, a field of peonies, a large patch of iris, fern beds, rose hedges, flowering shrubs, and perennials and annuals of various sorts, so that we have flowers in bloom from the first crocuses that come out under the snow until the chrysanthemums and cosmos are caught by the first frosts of autumn. And the woods are full of trailing arbutus, ^{azalea} fern beds, cypripediums, spring beauty, and other woodland

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flowers, and most beautiful of all the mountain laurel, and rocks everywhere covered with mosses and lichens.

2 The place is called Sunny Hill because I am a sun worshipper and the sun always shines on it whenever it shines at all. It is entirely isolated by position near the top of the mountain and surrounding woods, so that except for visitors one can wear anything or nothing at all. And yet because of the altitude and view we can never be lonely. Just below us is the city of Frederick and out over the valley are villages and ^afarm houses. We can see the automobiles on the Braddock pike and hear the train whistles and the church bells. Always the valley is like a great garden just as Whittier described it:

"Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,
The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green walled by the hills of Maryland.
Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,
Fair as a garden of the Lord."

I love the sea and sky, mountain and valley and plain, river and lake, and have seen most of the garden spots of the world and they are all beautiful; but the view from Sunny Hill of this "garden of the Lord" is as beautiful and quite as satisfying. From it I can see in one broad sweep the mountains of Virginia beyond the Potomac; to the east the "green walled hills of Maryland;" and to the north on clear days the hills about Gettysburg. And whether it be in green spring, lush summer, rich autumn, or white winter, it is always beautiful and always everchanging like the sea. Yes, I am rich in scenery and in the possession of eyes that can see it.

But there are other precious possessions, such as books, music, family, friends, and memories.

All my life I have been a steady and omnivorous reader. Next to the perception and appreciation of beauty in all its forms reading has been my greatest blessing. This was due in part to my lack of formal schooling and in part to my innate curiosity and ^{wonderful} interest in all things in this/universe in which we live and of which we are conscious. I cannot remember when I could not read or was not interested in reading. Everything that was printed and accessible to me was grist to my mill. In early life books and newspapers were scarce and correspondingly valuable. When I began to earn money a good portion of it went for books, textbooks, historical, scientific, and literary. Later for a time they became technical, and then general. After I was fifty I began to read books and periodicals in other languages. From the beginning a book was to me something more than a mere book; it was the author, the times in which he lived, and the author and the characters in the book were my personal friends and acquaintances; the book was something unique, a treasure, something to own and add to one's permanent possessions. What joy there was in running through a list of books, selecting and ordering those I most wanted, the comfortable and expectant thought in the background of my mind that they would be delivered soon, and then the excited pleasure, like that of a child, in untying and opening the package and inspecting my new possession. What joy to browse through the books of a second hand shop and find treasures at reduced prices. It matter^e_xd little whether it was history, essays, poems, mathematics, geology, astronomy, theology, fiction, or what not, it was a treasure to be^e_xt bought, read, and added to my collection. The time came when I could no longer buy and read more books, partly because I could not provide more space and partly because administrative responsibil-

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ities and special assignments took up all my available time. But when I came to Sunny Hill I brought with me all my book friends. I joined a book club that kept me supplied with selected best sellers. From early manhood I subscribed to newspapers and magazines. It always made me wince to dispose of the magazines, because old magazines are quite as good as when they were new, but they had a way of accumulating and piling up and overflowing space, and the constant influx of new ones left no time or space for the old ones. Now, at 66, I enjoy reading more than at any previous time. Somehow I see more in what I read than ever before. I appreciate the beauties and felicities of expression as I never did before. I link up and relate one thing with another as I could not do in youth. Every literary allusion, every character in history, every place on this planet, has become more or less familiar to me because of much reading and travel. After all, what I have read and seen is such a small fraction of the whole that I feel that there are untold treasures yet to be enjoyed and made my own, more than enough of the best to ~~last~~ last a lifetime. Almost the ^{appalling} flood of new books and current literature is a calamity, a tragedy, a catastrophe, like that of a little glutton faced with a pie as big as a house.

Music is another essential to the joy of life. I recall how as a boy I enjoyed hearing a Jewsharp, a harmonica, a banjo, an accordinn, a fiddle, the only musical instruments available to country folk in Texas at that time, and the rather discordant singing at revival and church meetings. Even so I loved it. Then came city life with church music from great pipe organs and trained choirs which I thought was the ultimate of music. In Washington came military bands, especially the Marine Band under Sousa, ^{and} theaters with their orchestras. Gradually orchestral music, operas, and symphonies, grew upon me. ~~Later~~ I heard Paderewski and other celebrated musicians with delight.

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I shall never forget several concerts by Mascagni and a great orchestra which it was my privilege to hear in the great Augusteo in Rome. So necessary was music to my peace of mind and wellbeing that I took with me on my travels a portable phonograph and some favorite records. Unfortunately I was always too busy to take music lessons and learn the technique of music. But in my study in the Whippoorwill I have a piano on which I can pick out little airs and tunes by ear; a large phonograph with a fine collection of records; and a radio over which I get the best music on the air. Because I work all alone in the Whippoorwill I turn on the radio and let it run for hours at a time, only occasionally getting up to pick up a new station or some special program. Consciously and by will power and subconscious effort I have trained my ears to ignore what I do not care to hear, just as a hunter sees only what he wants to see, or a person in a noisy city becomes so accustomed to noises that he ceases to be conscious of hearing them. The result is that when I sit down to read or write I can turn the radio on and not hear it until some attractive and pleasing music comes on and then I become conscious of it and listen. So day after day I hear the loveliest and best of music in my own room at little expense and no effort.

Among the pleasures of life are family and friends. First among them is one's wife. Drawn together by mutual attraction, based on congeniality, sex, similarities and differences of disposition and character, our married life has never been monotonous. There have been stresses and strains, misunderstandings and heartburnings, and irreconcilable differences in point of view and opinion, but we survived them, and now at 66 when passion has subsided we are old, intimate, understanding, sympathetic, congenial friends, facing the shadow of declining years hand in hand and smiling together. My mother is still living a comfortable and serene old age not far

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from Sunny Hill. My only sister, who until recent years was my direct opposite in everything, has with advancing years grown closer and closer to me. She lives with mother. Her daughter and son-in-law are friends and spend their week ends with sister. The two children whom wife and ^I adopted as little ones are grown and married. Their adolescence following the great war was a trying period for them and for us, but they survived the great disillusionment and have become quite normal, and they too are friends. Occasionally I meet my old friends in the department or the Cosmos Club in Washington or they come out to see me and we talk over old times. The scenery and the flowers at Sunny Hill attract many visitors, some of whom become acquaintances and friends. In Washington I and my wife were almost unknown except to a few of my associates in office, and years went by without becoming acquainted with our nearest neighbors in our street. It is different here. We are acquainted with our neighbors. In Frederick I am known not only to the banker, the butcher, the grocer, and the barber, but to many others because of addresses in the clubs or churches and communications to the local paper, and as I pass down the street I ^{meet with pleasant greetings} ~~am greeted~~ and that warms my heart. Then, too, almost weekly I receive letters from friends in various parts of the world, which keeps alive cherished memories.

But of all my pleasures and blessings perhaps the best are memories. These extend back to such an early age that I hesitate to mention dates and instances lest it appear that I am simply repeating what I heard later rather than what I remember clearly to have seen and heard. From the first moment of consciousness to the present I have been storing up memories, a sort of motion picture reel extending back into the past for more than sixty years, back to the period when there was still a frontier and pioneer conditions of life, when buffalo and Indians still roamed the western prairies,

a picture that has recorded the rise of cities, the construction of great railways, the disappearance of American frontier life, the coming of the telephone, rural free delivery, bat^h tubs, artificial ice, the automobile and good roads, the shortening of skirts and the acquisition of legs by women, the phonograph, the realization of man's age-long dream of flying like a bird, and, most incredible of all, wireless communication and the radio; and last, but not least, the evolution of human thought and manners from religious bigotry and intolerance to widespread liberalism and humanitarianism. In the course of that long period of more than sixty years of life, of reading, and of world wide travel, what have I not seen, and read, and heard? All the continents, oceans, seas, great rivers, countries, cities, monuments, architecture, art galleries, museums, distinctive races, forms of vegetation, animal and insect life, fashions, and modes of human life. All these have passed before my eyes, full of meaning because of previous reading. What fine men and lovely women have I met, neighbors, farmers, laborers, cowboys, peasants, porters, waiters, teachers, preachers, lawyers, government officials of all ranks, business men, authors, scientists, explorers, artists, promoters, builders, Indians, negroes, orientals, and the natives, dignified and undignified, educated and uneducated, of all nations. How have my thoughts and ideas changed, my prejudices been obliterated, the scales fallen from my eyes, and how different is my perspective at 66 from what it was at 16, or any other birthday. These memories have been revived and lived over again in my effort to record them in an autobiography. If the life one lives consists essentially of his conscious experience^s, then surely my life has been unusually full and rich, and if that life is embodied in one's recollection of it then surely my most real and personal and permanent wealth is in that moving picture of ~~memory~~ /

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memories of which I speak. That is something that only the loss of consciousness can take away from me. I may again go blind and be crippled and tortured by neuritis, but even so I can still live and enjoy life with my memories.

What about the future at 66? Quien sabe? Now that I am in health again I almost feel as if life were just beginning and more worth living than ever before. So long as I am not exerting myself physically or suffering from fatigue I feel as young as at any time in the last forty years, and infinitely better informed, if not wiser. Now that I am reconciled to the physical limitations of old age I no longer desire to excel in manual labor or dexterity or feats of strength or physical endurance, but am satisfied with my recollection of early accomplishments. Fortunately I never expected to inherit or acquire wealth, because of wealthy relatives I had none, and I was too much interested in other things to concentrate on making money, so I am not disappointed. Fortunately my early life was one of hardship and privation, so ^{that} a modest scale of living is quite satisfactory. My retirement annuity though small is sure and sufficient to give me a feeling of security. My innate curiosity and interest in all things is as keen, as young, as fresh, and as wonderful as at any former period of my life. My appetite is not what it was as a growing hard working youth, but my experience makes me enjoy the blessing of good food in a way that I did not and could not appreciate when young. My perception of and joy in all forms of beauty is quite as great as, and more understanding, ^{and discriminating} than it ever was before. I have a richer store of interesting and wonderful memories than at any earlier age. I am no longer harrassed by necessity, by ambition, or by passion, as formerly, and as these things have receded into the past I have become freer and freer.

And so a new phase of life is just beginning at 66.

But all things that have a beginning must have an ending. And when this "pleasing, anxious being" shall come to an end, the inevitable end, then what? Why, the great beyond, the great adventure, just as natural and perhaps even more beautiful and wonderful than this my life and memory scroll--or placid, blissful, endless sleep. Quien sabe?
